

Our Fashionable Lady of the Day. For the Advocate.

An old fable relates that at the animal creation the horse was dissatisfied with his form, claiming that being destined for the service of man, important improvement could be made in his construction. A natural saddle would be appropriate; the legs should be longer; a swanlike neck would be an ornamentation. Upon these suggestions he was humored with a new creation after his own idea. The result was a camel. As the horse perceived this homely animal he fled trembling with fear; and to this day he can not look upon a camel without a shiver running through his veins. To speak of what this old fable recalls, is properly high treason, but I shall trust to luck, and dare to acknowledge that the story reminds of nothing less than the "Pearl of creation," woman—as in the character of a fashionable lady she now proudly promades our streets.

In explanation of this singular assumption, the horse was not pleased with the figure given him at the creation. He desired to improve it. We run has gone in the same direction. The horse desired a saddle and there arose the camel's hump. Whether now women desire a saddle I shall not pretend to say, but that she with her own hands put on the hump, no one blessed with eyesight can contest. Look, if you please at the fine lady that you meet and you will find the hump is there. Just where the back terminates arises a pointed, spherical, flattened or angular formed prominence, that one might believe was placed there for the convenient transportation of infant humanity. Heine is right when he sings:—The body of woman is a poem—but quite in another sense than he intended. In the figure of our modern lady there is evidently to be found more poetry than truth. A mountain landscape is some thing very fine to contemplate, and also a Mt Blanc, a Chimborazo or a Blocksberg, has a title to our admiration, only in my opinion they must stand where they fit and belong, and no one can make me believe that the reverse side of the "Pearl of creation" is the appropriate place for the foundation of a chain of mountains or for an excursion station for the members of an Alpine club.

If to-day the spirit of a Greek or Roman dame could visit this earthly vale of sorrows, veiled in her garments of classic simplicity, what an intense sensation her appearance would create. The circumstance would however have its antithesis, if the said Greek or Roman lady should notice one of our modern dames, she would probably say with the poet: "As on thy form I gaze, my heart with sadness fills." She would say of what frightful crime has that poor creature been guilty, that she could so have aroused the anger of the Gods to condemn her to wander around so frightfully deformed. Indeed there is no doubt that our dames would smile with pity on the innocence of classical antiquity. But would not that innocence be right?

It is not in the hump only that the desire for improving nature shows itself in our ladies; though indeed they no longer desire for longer legs, as

did the horse in the fable, but in place thereof smaller feet. We are thankful that our maidens have not yet undertaken to introduce the Chinese custom of compressing the feet; (though one can not say what may not yet be done by fashion) the fictitious comes in play again in the arrangement of a high heel under the sole of the foot, prettily rounded behind. Then behold a number 7 and 8 foot becomes a 3. The gait by this arrangement assumes the character of that of the duck and even becomes more waddling. The body is thrown off its center of gravity and a door is thus opened for the entrance of innumerable bone and spine diseases.

Yet in many other fashions are the force of Heine's words illustrated; that: "The body of woman is a poem," and the spirit of our fable carried out. But enough for to-day of this camel play. By these lines I know that I shall have in no instance won the thanks of the ladies; but I must take consolation of the Knight Delorges, and with him make that great assertion—Thanks lady I covet not.—From the German of Schnurpfeifer.

SENATOR PLUMB ON IRRIGATION.

Senator Plumb is blue over the outlook for irrigation in western Kansas, because most of the rivers run through Colorado and Colorado can use all the water before it gets to Kansas.

So the engineers have said when the plan of irrigation included only lateral ditches or canals. There is not if Colorado never digs another canal to absorb the supply, enough water in the rivers to guarantee extensive irrigation, but there is enough water wasted in the spring to give Colorado a fair supply and fill a great many reservoirs in Kansas.

The water originating in Kansas during the spring would, if confined in well constructed reservoirs, irrigate most of the country which needs an artificial water supply.

The investigation of irrigation methods is really in its infancy. While the process, in simple forms, is as old as agriculture, the study of means for close and economical control of limited water has never been pushed far. To pursue the study is the main business of the senate committee, including Senator Plumb. The area which has plenty of running water through the summer months is comparatively small, and if the committee and the government engineers cannot get beyond the lateral canal system it will hardly have paid expenses. From New Mexico to Dakota the great interior dry basin is scantily supplied with big rivers. To bring many million acres under the beneficent influence of irrigation the system of storage reservoirs must be perfected. Some members of the committee certainly understand the necessity, for they have been using the government's privilege to set apart acres of public land in suitable localities for reservoirs. It is the reservoir system the committee will study when Kansas is reached.—Kansas City Times.

The ten mile race between Kan. and Missouri young ladies on horseback will be a big feature of the state fair.

A WHEAT GROWERS' CONVENTION.

Editor Rural World, St. Louis Mo: The Farmers' Federation of the Mississippi Valley has issued a call for a wheat growers convention to be held at St. Louis, Oct. 23. The objects sought to be accomplished by the proposed convention, are set forth in a preamble and resolutions showing that of late years there has been no profit to the farmer in raising wheat at the prices it was sold for, and it is believed that by assembling a large number of intelligent wheat producers from the different States and Territories, their united wisdom can devise a remedy that will place the farmer on an equality with the merchant and manufacturer in the profits of his investments and labor. Knowing the deep interest the Rural World feels in all that concerns the agricultural classes, we naturally look to it to spread the news among those interested in making the farm pay.

Much has been said and written about the hard work and poor pay of the wheat raisers. Here is a practical way to improve the situation. A stand must be made. We must act as well as talk. The talk has been going on for so these many years. Everybody knows the farmers have the intelligence, the numbers and financial ability to regulate the price of their products if they will organize and stand together for their mutual protection.

Almost all other industries have availed themselves of the benefits and advantages of organization, and knowing their worth could not be prevailed upon to give them up. The farmers alone comprising largely over one third of the population of the country and wielding an influence as great as all the other industries combined, are without an organization and in consequence are preyed upon and devoured by every shark and cormorant in the land. At last patience has ceased to be a virtue. We can submit no longer. The supreme moment has arrived. An organized means of protection has taken shape. Every farmer is asked to think for himself and join hands with his neighbor. In helping our neighbor we protect ourselves. Hold your crop till you can get a fair living price for it. The old man wants our wheat and must have it. Attend the convention. Talk for it. Whoop it up and a dollar a bushel is certain.—J. S. Mc E. in Rural world.

To perpetuate the abuses which give them their great power and wealth the great capitalistic combinations must seek political influence and thus become a factor in our Government. The only influence they can possibly exert must tend to corruption, as their aspirations and desires are not founded on justice and common welfare, but their own enrichment and aggrandizement. The only hope of the people is to stand together as a unit against this influence.—National Economist.

Some of the state papers are publishing lists of events to which the railroads have given a rate of one fare for the round trip, and have left out the state fair. It should be remembered that but one fare for the round trip will be charged to the fair.—Sunday Ledger.

The Boy Hero of Johnstown.

Some of us may say that the lad whose heroism is told of in the following from the Philadelphia Times, should rank higher in the temple of fame than all the Paul Reveres of the Johnstown flood: "Among the heroes of the disaster—and some of them swept of in the flood will never be known—John Stitt, the boy hero of the bridge, should have a brass plate memorial set in its stone. He was seventeen, and worked in the Pennsylvania Railroad machine shop at Blairsville. After helping to pull several people out at the bridge, that black and awful Friday night, he went to the shops and came back with a lighted locomotive headlight. Standing on the bridge he turned it this way and that, not only saving many from being dashed against the bridge, or caught in the houses that cracked like egg shells against it, but enabling the others to get to the shore.

Several times he was urged not to stay, but he still kept his place and held the light, occasionally taking off his cap and sending up a cheer as he saw one after another safely reach the bank. Then a wave larger than the others came, there was a crash, and noble little John with his saving head light, was washed away."

EXCUSES FOR ALCOHOL.

The world over, those who love and use wine and intoxicating drinks, who partake of "the social cup," are the men who often prescribe them for patients, and strive to justify their use; and it is wonderful, and very interesting, to see to what shifts they have been driven by the advancing science of this age. It retards the metamorphoses of wasting and repair, or renewal of the structure of the "body," they tell us, when every school boy in physiology and every man and woman who has ever felt the invigorating effect of active exercise, can see clearly that to retard such changes is the last thing to be desired, if we wish health and strength. The use of opium, and the torpor of hibernating animals, and the sluggishness of lazy and indolent men and women, retard much more fully the metamorphoses of the tissues; but is such a life to be desired when happiness and health depend on activity.

Again, we are told that a small portion of the alcohol taken into the system is actually appropriated, to some useful purpose, and is, consequently actually food—"yes, food gentlemen." The same is true of a much larger proportion of the opium, tobacco, or deadly nightshade, which can safely be taken into the stomach; but who would think of attempting to justify the use of these poisons by any such argument? These straws are fast being submerged.

Go the world over and the physicians who have either never used wine and alcoholic drinks, or having used, have repented and put away their use, will be found to totally condemn their use during health, and rarely, if ever to prescribe them as medicine. Need more be said?—John Ellis, M. D. in Signs of the Times.